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WE REMEMBER.

WE REMEMBER

A Reminiscence of Heroism

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY

MARTHA A. ROBINSON

Our native land, we love it well,
And every brave defender;
And those heroic days of old
We ever would remember.

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

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"They flew to arms, a mighty host."

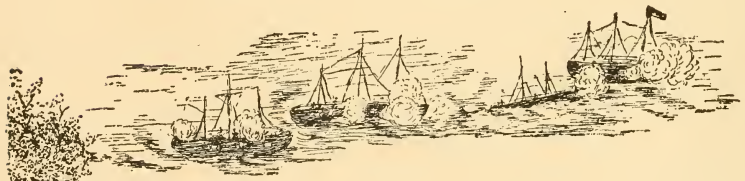
We Remember

This goodly land, in days of yore,
By Treason was assailed;
The flag our fathers reared aloft
In traitors' pathway trailed.

But loyal hearts, the Northland o'er,
One eager impulse gave;
They flew to arms, a mighty host,
Their native land to save,

Ready, in spite of toil or pain,
To fight for her dear sake,
Not counting even life too great
A sacrifice to make.

They fell upon the battlefield,
Our soldiers true and brave;
In hospital and camp they died,
And on the ocean wave.



And some were shot on picket line,
Some died in prison pen;
Wherever duty called they went,
Those earnest-hearted men.

For years they fought and bled and died,
'Till victor's prize they won;
'Till Peace the gloom of war dispelled
Like gleams of rising sun.

Rich treasure, tears and precious blood
Were not poured out in vain,
For Treason's voice no more was heard,
Nor Slavery's clanking chain.

"In nameless graves they lie."

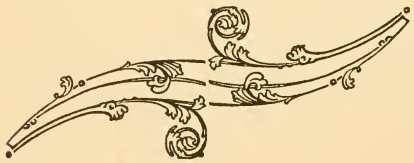
But some who fell are missing still,
In nameless graves they lie;
And some since battle strife is o'er
Have laid them down to die.

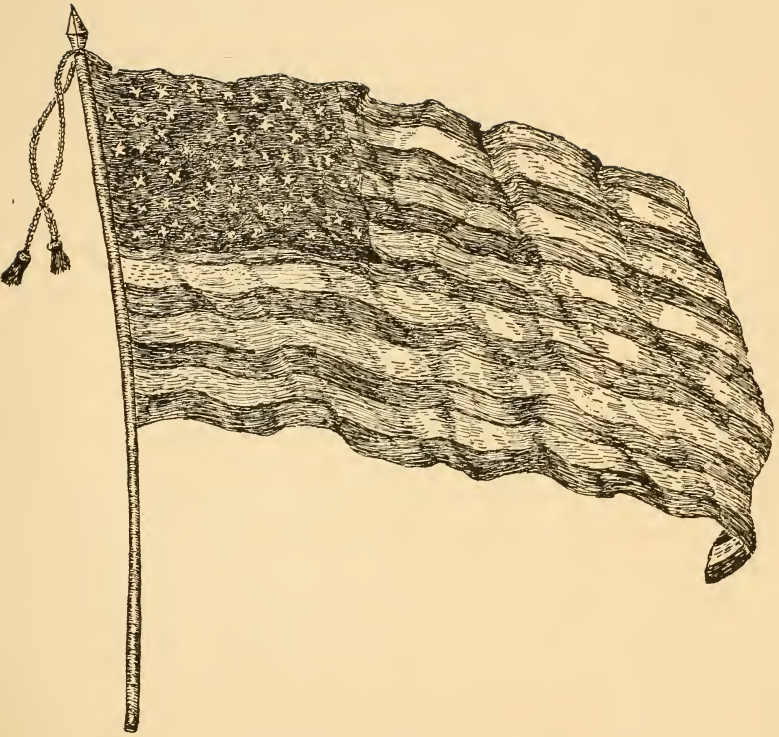
Some still remain, that "Army Grand",
Whose fighting days have fled;
Honor and love to each are due,
The living and the dead.

The Glorious Flag for which they fought,
To every heart endeared!
Its ample folds have ne'er been rent,
No star hath disappeared.

Unrighteous war hath never stained
Its stripes of sunset light,
And no defeat, on land or sea,
Hath dimmed their luster bright.

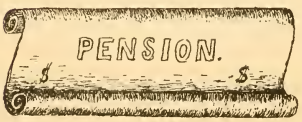
Its folds unfurled, it floats abroad
O'er isles in distant sea;
And 'neath its shelter all may dwell,
United, safe and free.





"It's ample folds have ne'er been rent,
No star hath disappeared."

While this great nation would repay
The debt of love she owes,
And kindly care for those who stood
'Twixt her and mortal foes.



We too, the wives and daughters dear,
And loyal women true,
Rejoice to find that here, indeed,
Is work that we can do.

We seek the veterans old to aid,
If any ill betide;
Their joys we share, their griefs allay,
And needed help provide.

The fallen ones we ne'er forget,
But twine in Springtime hours
Memorial wreaths, with loving care,
And strew their graves with flowers.

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